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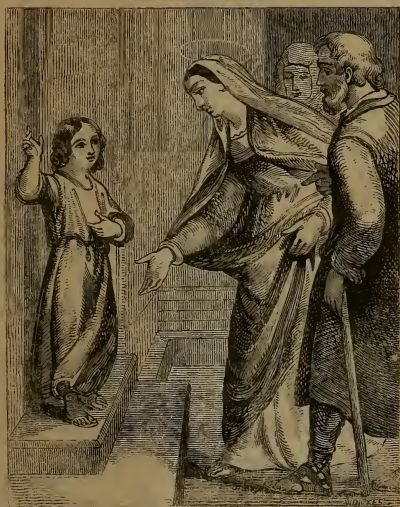


*Ipsum Audite.*

# HYMNUS GRATULATORIUS

SUPER FUNDATIONE D. PAULI SCHOLÆ,

COMITIIS MAJORIBUS MDCCCLVII.



*Herbert Py...*

“ QUID, COLETE MI, DEDISSES, PRO GREGIS CUSTODIBUS,  
PARVULIS UT INTERESSET ISTE PARVULUS TUIS,  
INNOCENS OBAMBULARET AGNUS INNOCENTIBUS? ”

LONDINI:—APUD T. FELLOWES.

MDCCCLVII.

## **Ipsū Audite.**

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“Supra cathedram præceptoris sedet puer Jesus singulari opere, docentis gestu; quem totus grex, adiens scholam ac relinquens, hymno salutat. Et imminet Patris facies dicentis, *Ipsū audite*: nam hæc verba me auctore adscripsit.”—*Erasmī Epistolæ*.

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### **I.**

#### **Prologus.**

“HIC EST FILIUS MEUS DILECTUS, IPSUM AUDITE.”—*E. s. Lucam ix. 35.*

SCRIPTA sunt fratrum duorum postibus vocabula,  
Fida quos ad grande cœptum traxerat sodalitas;  
Hoc Domus Paulina pollet gloriosa stemmate.

Palladis ceu disputasse duplices ferunt deos,  
Cui daretur auspicata nominare mœnia;  
Anglus hic, Batavus ille, consecrant origines.

Sculptilem supra cathedram dedicant imaginem,  
Quæ docet nos unde fontes hauriamus integros;  
Aureis Fundator alter adnotavit literis.

Non sinunt impune nostram decipi puertiam,  
Quoslibet sonos ciente buccinâ docentium,  
Voce, præsentique vultu Christus ipse provocat.

Hunc beata confrequentans tecta grex discentium,  
Mane consalutat omnis duplicato poplite;  
Hunc precatur inchoati dirigantur impetus.

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## Hear ye Him.

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"Over the master's chair is set an image of the child Jesus, of admirable work, in the attitude of teaching; Whom all the boys, on entering and leaving, salute with a hymn. And there is a representation of the Father, saying, *Hear ye Him*: these words he added by my advice."—*Letter of Erasmus on the Founding of St. Paul's School.*

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### I.

#### Prologue.

"THIS IS MY BELOVED SON: HEAR HIM."—*St. Luke ix. 35.*

ONE the work, and one the building, Cyphers two are here entwined;  
Double currents, one way speeding, from the undivided mind;  
Noble lineage have we written, in our heart of hearts enshrined.

Gods contended—earth upheaving gifts auspicious to their calls—  
Should the battle-steed or olive consecrate Athene's walls:  
Colet and Erasmus struggle for the naming of St. Paul's.

High enthroned above the master, Power in one and Mercy mild,  
Writ with golden legends, teach us lessons pure and undefiled,  
Voices from the Father's glory, gentle whispers of the Child.

Should the frolic heart of boyhood with uncertain impulse bound?  
Should the trumpet-tongue of teachers blare an undistinguish'd sound?—  
Still the Captain's eye is on them, ranging o'er the battle-ground.

Him salute the novice learners, lifting lowly eyes to see,  
With the breath of lips unsullied, with the bending of the knee—  
"Jesus, lead us to the Father, let Thy Spirit lead to Thee!"

## IPSUM AUDITE.

Expedit venisse tecum, Petre, nos pedissequas,  
Mortuorum qua refulsit lumen ac vigentium ;  
Expedit, jubente Patre, conspiciari Filium.

Audiamus Hunc ; Columnæ triplices Ecclesiæ,  
Cui sacella subvehatis, emicans e nubibus—  
Transiit Lex, et Propheta—solus Ille restitit.

## II.

### Audi Mater.

" MATER EJUS CONSERVABAT OMNIA VERBA HÆC IN CORDE SUO."—E. s. *Lucam* ii. 51.

Vocibus lætare Mater, corde fingens intimo,  
Quæ patent exprome dicta, duriora condito ;  
Mira sic mensis repones vina nuptialibus.

Fida jam mucrone rumpent, Mater audi, pectora  
Scire qui de te laborant, diligasne Filium ;  
Nulla verba non resignas, detegentur omnia.

Non vides, quo se receptet ? tres dies desiderans,  
Quæris inter otiosos feriatum Filium ?  
Quæ Pater jubet Supernus, occupat facessere.

Quæritans Hunc succidisti ; nos petens quid perferet,  
Exulans, inops, inermis, enecatus imbribus.  
Lanceam, clavos trabales, sputa, sentes, verbera ?

Pone fletum, luctuosa, jam redibit Filius,  
Te sequetur obsequentem, subditus parentibus,  
Tecta collustrans reducta, Quem pavescunt Angeli.

Mater audi ter beata, serva fortunatior,  
Inter infidos fidelis, prima consecrantium,  
Integras fidem stupefcens, denegata perficis.

## HEAR YE HIM.

Good it is for us to follow, Peter, to the mountain height,  
Where with quick and dead in glory shines the living Saviour's light,  
See the Son, and hear the Father, shining, speaking through the night.

Lift Him up, ye triple pillars, though the rolling clouds be dim—  
Though they talk but of His dying—shadows on the glory's brim—  
Vanish, Law, be silent, Prophets—Preachers, only build to Him.

## II.

### Hear Him, Mother.

"HIS MOTHER KEPT ALL THESE SAYINGS IN HER HEART."—*St. Luke ii. 51.*

Mother, joy be thine to hear Him ; garner what thy faith has won,  
Grains of light celestial gleanings, in the pathway of the Sun ;  
Thou shalt keep the costly wine, or e'er His glory have begun.

Mother, hear Him, with the faulchion though they rend thy heart in twain,  
They who yearn to know its secrets, was thy hearing all in vain ?  
All His words are writ within thee, they shall come to light again.

Will ye marvel, where He lingers ? will ye seek Him by the way,  
In the multitude of kinsfolk, keeping joyous holy-day ?  
Prayer has ceased, the world begins not—yet His business is to stay.

Yes, 'twas sorrow not to find Him—shall He not lament our loss ?  
Ever rueing, souls pursuing Him what fiery tempests toss,  
Thirsting at the well of Jacob, nail'd and bleeding on the Cross !

Weep no more, sweet Mother, weep not ; He shall all thy prayers fulfil ;  
Thee, who sought Him, He shall follow, subject to His parents' will ;  
Tremblings thrill the Holy Angels, yet He turns thy home to fill.

Blessed Mother,—rather blessed she the handmaid of the Lord,  
Faithful found among the faithless—first recorder of His Word ;  
Praying, bidding what He grants not, for she marvell'd, and adored.



## IPSUM AUDITE.

Audiens sic tu morantem præstolaris gloriam,  
Flosculos ut ipsa primos fuderint cunabula :  
Feta mortalem propagas, fisa concipis Deum.

### III.

#### *Audi Ecclesia.*

"VOX CLAMANTIS IN DESERTO: PARATE VIAM DOMINI."—*Prophetia Isaïæ* xl. 3.

Hoc Coletus, hoc Erasmi caverat mens provida,  
Auspices redintegrandæ, prima vox, Ecclesiæ,  
Vox per aridum sonantis, "Huic parate semitam."

"Semitam parate, quicquid obstat amolimini ;  
Aufer ossa mortuorum, vota cessent mortuis ;  
Mortui vivamus unde, solus Ille mortuus.

Non habemus unde rivos hauriamus abditos—  
Restis est minutus, alte sunt movenda flumina—  
Qui supra fontem sedebat, Ille solus elicit."

Lucidum par angelorum, nobiles prænuntii,  
Gentibus fulsistis una lumen excubantibus ;  
Nubilum, latente sole, dispulistis aera.

Templa tam serena vobis edidit scientia,  
Ipse qua Puer sederet, audiens, interrogans,  
Agno gemella pœne corda concalescerent.

Antequam cellâ Lutherus abditâ reconditus,  
Clausa Numinis resignans abditæ volumina,  
Vividum contorsit ignem terra quo tremisceret.

Ante tædæ quam steterunt in foro boario,  
Queis catenati perirent flebiles novicii,  
Flamma vivax emicaret e catastis igneis.



## HEAR YE HIM.

Waiting, though the vision tarry, thou dost every word enshrine,  
Lifting hands to Him in glory, which the swaddling-clothes entwine—  
Mortal though thy nature bare Him, Faith conceives Him all Divine.

### III.

#### Hear Him, Church.

"THE VOICE OF HIM THAT CRIETH IN THE WILDERNESS, PREPARE YE THE WAY OF THE LORD."—*Isaiah xl. 3.*

Heralds first of Europe's glory, this way soon your footsteps trod—  
Severing streaks of early dawning, flow'rets of the wintry sod—  
Voices shouting in the desert, "Make ye pathways for your God!

Pathways make for Him—He cometh—mountains to the vale subside;  
Hence fond relics of the dying—prayer to sinners deified;  
Of the dead none help the dying, only He for all Who died.

Who shall reach the hidden sources where the living waters leap?  
Mortal line, how short to fathom—God's eternity, how deep!  
He who sat above the fountain tracks them o'er the mountain steep."

Shining mid the gloom of ages, glorious messengers of light  
To the nations calling, "Watchman, say what tidings of the night?"  
Night and morn ye blend together, promise melting into sight.

Fanes so pure has learning lifted, high above the darkness drear,  
Where the Child might sit beside ye, for to question and to hear;  
Burn'd not twin-born hearts within you, when you talk'd, and He was near?

Ere the Monk, in cloister hidden, had the secret scrolls unfurl'd,  
Clutch'd the thunder-cloud in silence, till the lightning flash was hurl'd;  
Ere from centuries of slumber giants woke, and shook the world.

Ere in Smithfield gleam'd the fagots, England's glory and her shame;  
Where in chains the weeping novice stood to shout the Saviour's Name,  
And the martyr's burning right-hand wrote the walls with living flame.

IV.

Audite Doctores.

"INVENERUNT ILLUM IN TEMPIO SEDENTEM IN MEDIO DOCTORUM."—*E. s. Lucam* ii. 46.

Jam sedetur—Hunc stupete qui sedetis arbitri,  
Edocemini docentes, judices adsurgite,  
Quem sedentem contremiscet universa curia.

Audiamus qui docemur, qui docent exaudiant ;  
Doctus indoctusque quisque fors et edocebimur  
Qui doceret adfuisse, præterire tempora.

Hunc ut exaudiret olim, quid dedisset Græcia,  
Hæsitans, caliginoso fluctuans in æquore ?  
Quæ latebat, Hoc loquente, lucet immortalitas.

Quid, Colete mi, dedisses, pro gregis custodibus,  
Parvulis ut interesset Iste Parvulus tuis,  
Innocens obambulare Agnus innocentibus ?

Suscitate tardioris ingeni scintillulas,  
Fumidam stuppam fovete, corda neu confringite ;  
Conticescat omnis ira, clamor absit improbus.

Hunc docete qui sciatis, inscii condiscite,  
Lenis et mansuetus Ipse, vocibus mansuescite ;  
DISCAT AUT DISCEDAT, ista cui docere contigit.

V.

Audite Patres.

"SINITE PARVULOS VENIRE AD ME."—*E. s. Marcum* x. 14.

Parvulos huc ferte, Patres, Hunc jubete diligant,  
Hunc patronum parvulorum, lumen enascentium,  
Lacte qui mentes novellas nutrit integerrimo.

## HEAR YE HIM.

### IV.

#### Hear Him, Teachers.

"THEY FOUND HIM IN THE TEMPLE, SITTING IN THE MIDST OF THE DOCTORS."—*St. Luke ii. 46.*

Now He sits—adore Him, teachers—wisdom's lords, yourselves be wise ;  
Learn of Him, ye doctors—judges, to the God of judgment rise,  
Sitting Whom the world shall pale at, congregated in the skies.

We who learn, O let us hear Him ; they who teach us, let them learn ;  
Learners, haply too and teachers for one saving word shall yearn ;  
Once a Prophet was among them, teaching, never to return.

What would'st thou have given, Athens, once to sit and marvel there,  
Tost with doubts, or blindly driving down the current of despair ?  
Lo, He speaks, and life immortal rolls away the clouds of care.

What would'st thou have given, Colet, when thy gracious work was done,  
Sitting with thy precious children, might that precious Child have shone ;  
Might the Lamb but wander with them, day and night, before the Throne ?

Stir the faintest sparks within them, bid the smouldering embers live ;  
See, the reed is bruised, break not—let the smoking flax revive ;  
He was gentle, He was loving, and His servants must not strive.

Teach Him, teacher, if you know Him—learn Him, if you know Him not—  
He is gentle, He is loving—hast thou, Whose thou art, forgot ?  
LEARN OR LEAVE Him, Colet bids you, cast not in with us thy lot.

### V.

#### Hear Him, Fathers.

"SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME."—*St. Mark x. 14.*

Bring your little ones, ye fathers, Jesus let them learn to love ;  
Jesus, friend of little children, shining on their birth above,  
With the iridescent pinions of the undefiled Dove.

## IPSUM AUDITE.

Parvuli contrectat ora, parvulum complectitur,  
Gestat in sinu caducum, deperire non sinit,  
Allicit, cælum recludit, amovescentes improbat.

Parvulos interminatur qui suos offenderit ;  
Præstat hunc non exstitisse, præstat obrui salo ;  
Colla præpedi molari scrupulos qui jecerit.

Turpe nil, dictuve fœdum tangat ista pectora ;  
Heus, malus jubete quisque de viâ decesserit ;  
Donec incusam Pudoris exprimant imaginem.

Tune plus, certa magister, an parens amaverit,  
Filios perfectiores utra fecerit domus,  
Pura ludi disciplina, pura patrum limina.

Sublevent ipsi precantes utrobique parvuli,  
Angeli quorum tumentur Patris ora jugiter,  
Pura pro docente corda, pura pro parentibus.

## VI.

### Audi Adolescens.

" CUM AUDISSET AUTEM ADOLESCENS VERBUM, ABIIT TRISTIS."—*E. s. Matthæum xix. 22.*

Absit, Hunc ut non paremus omnium dispendio ;  
Ad pedes volutus, unum quod deesset impetrans,  
Nulla jussa non facessens, hæsitavit, excidit.

Quam cito labascit, Eheu ! victus unâ voculâ ;  
Visne tu voluptuosus hortulis accumbere ?  
Hortulanus Ille verus—Magdalena reperit.

Qua præit, sunt qui sequantur, ad securim publicam  
Sive sit præbenda cervix, seu feris leonibus,  
Ipse quæ sinu fovebat, offerenda pectora.

## HEAR YE HIM.

Gentle hands He laid upon them, folding in His meek embrace ;  
Gently bears them in His bosom, patterns of His heavenly grace ;  
Seeks them, finds them, will not have them perish from His Father's face.

Woe to him who makes them stumble, ere they climb the toilsome steep ;  
Best he never saw the daylight, best to drown him in the deep ;  
Bind the millstone fast about him, if but pebbles made them weep.

Work, or word unhallow'd near them suffer not to do its part ;  
Ho, for shame ! thy child is coming, let that wicked one depart—  
Till the lines be deeply graven God has pencil'd on his heart.

Strive, thou master, with the father, which of you shall love him best ;  
Which of these two homes shall lay him purer on his Saviour's breast ;  
Pure the daily walks of teaching—pure, at eve, the fostering nest.

Lift ye up pure hearts, ye cherubs—lift them up from either shrine ;  
To whose angels God is nearer, Heaven itself is more divine ;  
“ Make our parents, make our teachers, Heavenly Father, make us Thine ! ”

## VI.

### Hear, Young Man.

“ WHEN THE YOUNG MAN HEARD THAT SAYING, HE WENT AWAY SORROWFUL.”—*St. Matthew xix. 22.*

Blest is now thy younger brother—go, His eye-sight is not dim ;  
Thou hast kept all God's commandments, hast thou kept thy heart for Him ?  
One thing lacking to be perfect, fill thy blessing to the brim.

Ah ! he clouds his face—he totters—one word sends him to his doom ;  
Wilt thou steep thy soul in pleasure, wreathe thy brows with worldly bloom ?  
Mary found her garden's keeper by the Cross, and at the Tomb.

Some there are who follow onward, to their Captain's standard sworn,  
Though the headsman's axe is flashing, though the breast which He had borne,  
Be to rampant pard uplifted, by the famish'd lion torn.

IPSUM AUDITE.

Nate, non Hunc insecutus usque delectabere ?  
Pendulum tuere, cæsum, ne te ires perditum ;  
Corda fac sursum leventur hanc in altitudinem.

Vitis ut se lenta ramis applicans valentibus,  
Arduas sequi per ulmos surculis enititur,  
Arctius Crucem memento brachiis adstringere.

Ac velut cui vallis ina displicent fundamina—  
Stat silex prærupta circum, stant nivosa culmina  
Fortiter superna quærens, emicas excelsior.

VII.

Audite Mercatores.

SIMILE EST REGNUM CÆLORUM HOMINI NEGOCIATORI QUÆRENTI BONAS MARGARITAS.  
E. s. *Matthæum* xiii. 45

Vocibus vacate sacris, inter ipsa fenora,  
Præficit Scholæ Coletus, prætulit quos omnibus ;  
Fida quæ præoccupavit, præstitistis omnia.

Abnegat patrocianti filios Ecclesiæ ;  
Huic et est opus patrono, cui clientelam parat ;  
Torpuit vox impedita, corruunt munimina.

Divitum stupescit aula, sacculis indormiens ;  
Exulant duces egeni, dirutis in arcibus ;  
Pugna vos penes manebat, nobiles Triarii !

O sodalitas beata ! non ut Hunc sequamini,  
Non bonis, ut audiat, est opus divenditis ;  
Margaritam reperistis—Ille sumtum contulit.

Fratribus fidele fratres abdicant consortium,  
Petrus, Andreas, sequentes, cum Salomes Filiis.  
Cymbulam quâ victitabant, rete, pisces. omnia.



## HEAR YE HIM.

O my son, wilt thou go from Him? shall the Cross thy soul offend?  
Fling thy supple arms about it, all thy young affections bend,  
By the feet, and spear-gash'd bosom, to the thorn-crown'd brows ascend.

As the vine the strong-limb'd slivers clips, or e'er her tendrils fall,  
Now the root, and now the branches, now the highest summits tall,  
Fears the tempest shocks no longer, swells and shines above them all.

Upwards still, and upwards, pilgrim, spurn the vale's translucent green,  
Higher than the shiver'd lime-stone, far above the glacier's sheen;  
Upwards! think it scorn to linger, where thy footprints once have been.

## VII.

### Hear Him, Mercers.

"THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN IS LIKE UNTO A MERCHANTMAN, SEEKING GOODLY PEARLS."  
*St. Matthew xiii. 45.*

Hear Him, Mercers, Colet bids you, gently 'mid life's busy sound;  
None he loved and trusted like ye, though he search'd the country round;  
Well done, good and faithful servants—righteous stewards are ye found.

Should the Church his weeping orphans shelter by the father's bust?  
Ah! she needs herself a patron, vassal'd to the Papal lust,  
Buttress'd tower and moss-grown chantry soon shall topple to the dust.

Rapine, eagle-eyed for plunder, dogs the faithless monarch's side;  
Feebled in the shatter'd donjon, lowly skulks the Barons' pride:  
Forward, Merchants, to the rescue! rolling back the battle tide.

Happy Merchants, happy hearers! no need for you to be crost,  
Selling all you have, to follow, to the world unkindly lost;  
You have found the priceless pearl, and He Himself has paid the cost.

Partner'd with familiar brothers, at the loving Saviour's call,  
See the fishers, thronging to Him, let the bonds of union fall,  
Leave the stranded ships behind them, sea-shore, fishes, nets and all.



IPSUM AUDITE.

Hunc ut audiat, ultro subministrat omnia,  
Rete, servulos Coletus,—adparate cymbulas,  
Alta vos manent secunda, nationes influant.

VIII.

Audite Omnes. Epilogus.

“ QUI SUNT ISTI, QUI UT NUBES VOLANT, ET QUASI COLUMBÆ AD FENESTRAS SUAS ? ”  
*Prophetia Isaiæ lx. 8.*

Filium cur non vagantem quæritas Ecclesia ?  
Tu sedes inter docentes, ille plorat invicem,  
Te manens, utcunque tecum tutus acquieverit.

Læta ceu columba pullis assidens implumibus,  
Cui domus dulcesque nidi pumicis foramina,  
Dulce murmurat, repertis, fluctuante pectore.

Audiant Arctoa tristis Caucasii cacumina,  
Audiat beatus Auster, divites et insulæ ;  
Ultimæ deosculentur Filium tyrannides.

Huc ades, jugum capesse, qui labore deficiis,  
Lassus, exspes, obstupescens, obrutus negotiis ;  
Sarcinas suscepit omnes, tunc colla denegas ?

Huic adeste luctuosæ, Qui feretra sublevat,  
Flentibus, flens Ipse, fratrem reddidit sororibus,  
Lacrymans omnes ab omni terget ore lacrymas.

Pone barbiton, ministris plectra da cœlestibus ;  
Concinat grex Angelorum, concinant Archangeli,  
Concinant per omne tempus sæculorum sæcula. Amen.

## HEAR YE HIM.

Now He freely gives you all things, battling with the world-wide sin,  
Net and servants Colet gives you, freely take, and freely win ;  
Loose your ships, a voice is calling, Help us—bring the nations in.

## VIII.

### Hear Him All. Conclusion.

"WHO ARE THESE THAT FLY AS A CLOUD, AND AS THE DOVES TO THEIR WINDOWS?"  
*Isaiah lx. 8.*

Church, thou mother of all living, seek thy son beyond the deep ;  
Thine 'tis now to sit with teachers, his to wander, and to weep,  
Waiting to be subject to thee, to be folded with thy sheep.

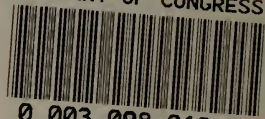
As the dove her rimpled pinion leans upon the storm-drift high,  
Darting to the jutty pumice, loop'd and window'd to the sky,  
Stirs the air with dulcet cooings, now the callow brood is high.

Hear Him, Greenland's icy mountains, hidden from the eye of day ;  
Hear Him, gold-bespangled Afric, hear Him, islands of Cathay :  
" Kiss the Son, lest He be angry, and ye perish from the way."

Come to Him, all ye that labour, and are heavily oppress'd,  
'Take His burden, it is easy—take His yoke, it gives you rest :  
He has taken all your sorrows, will you spurn Him from your breast ?

Come to Him, the bier is lifted, where the lonesome mourners tread ;  
Now He weeps, and now He bids them roll the marble from the dead,  
Wipes all tears from off all faces, save the tears which He has shed.

Boy, lay down thy harp,—Celestial minstrels, take ye up the song ;  
Shout, ye Angels, with Archangels, mingling with the saintly throng ;  
All eternity His praises to eternity prolong. Amen.



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